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AS the current number of THE NEW REPUBLIC goes to press, the issue and the significance of the British crisis remain obscure. But in all probability Mr. Asquith will cease to be Prime Minister and the Cabinet will be reconstructed, if not with Lloyd George as Premier, at least with him as the dominant influence. He has brought the crisis on, and as a result of it he will either be discredited or will earn for himself the leadership of a specifically war ministry. Because he has brought the crisis on he has assumed a grave responsibility which, of course, will have to be justified by the result, but the result may well be beneficial both as to the prosecution of the war and on the wholesome expression of English public opinion. Mr. Asquith's deficiencies as a war leader have been admitted by his friends and he has been retained in office chiefly because a substitute was lacking and because his nominal leadership placated possible liberal opposition. The new Cabinet, without losing its general bi-partisan character, is likely to assume a more partisan Tory disposition; it is likely to put more energy into the military and naval policy; and it is likely to arouse eventually a more wholesome liberal opposition both in the House of Commons and in public opinion. The influence which the Northcliffe papers have exerted as the most conspicuous opponent in certain respects of a divided and partly unsuccessful government, they can hardly retain as the supporter of a more united government. Their place as censor of the Cabinet will be taken by some kind of an open and organized opposition. How effective the resistance proves to be will depend in part upon the composition of the new Cabinet and the extent of its domination by the more aggressive militarists, in part upon its domestic policy, but most of all upon its success in surmounting the dangers of the existing military and naval situation. These dangers must look serious, or the Cabinet crisis would never have been allowed to occur. As long as they continue to look serious, critics both at home and abroad who are interested in British success cannot press their criticisms very hard. But they will hope most devoutly that the new government will, as a result of an improvement in the military and naval situation of the country, give the opposition an opportunity of raising questions, not as in the past about the mechanics of victory, but as to the objects for which it should be used.

WITH the exception of one paragraph, the President's message is little more than a memorandum to Congress, asking for the completion of the legislative program proposed at the end of August, when the railway strike was threatened, and for action by the Senate on those bills which have already passed the house: the Webb bill, permitting greater freedom of combination in foreign trade, a corrupt practices act, a new organic law giving greater autonomy to the people of Porto Rico and the bill for the promotion of industrial and vocational education. The message is what is ordinarily called business-like, which means that it seeks to have a number of things done without talking very much about them, or even ex-

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plaining the reasons for them at any length. No doubt the President feels that he is suggesting nothing which was not ventilated in the campaign, and that in view of the brevity of the session the thing to do is to saw wood. Nevertheless, it is rather a pity that an occasion like the address to Congress should not be utilized for what it is: a splendid opportunity to do propaganda for ideas. It is the time of times when the President can best organize the government and the people in some common purpose. It is his opportunity to talk to Congress when it has to listen and the country when it wishes to listen. A good deal is lost by submitting as a message nothing but a legislative docket.

VERY wisely, the President withdraws one item in the railway program, that Congress should approve an increase of freight rates, if investigation shows that the operation of the Adamson law requires an increase. The original suggestion was unfortunate for the reason now stated by the President, that "a recommendation by the Congress with regard to such a matter might seem to draw in question the scope of the [Interstate Commerce] Commission's authority." The request for power to operate the railways by executive act and draft crews into service in time of emergency is renewed, and only a doctrinaire libertarian will deny the necessity for such a provision. The most debatable parts of the railway program are those for an enlargement of the Interstate Commerce Commission and for compulsory investigation before a strike or lockout. On neither one of these questions can Congress legislate effectively without such a thorough reconsideration of the whole railway problem as the Newlands Committee is now engaged in. The President hints at the larger issues when he says of the Commission that "it is not unlikely that it may presently be found advisable to add to its duties still others equally heavy and exacting. . . ." Chief among them will be the duty of fixing wages and hours, but until the new duties of the Commission have been laid down it is not possible to "perfect" it "as an administrative instrument." And until the question has been settled as to whether the Commission is to fix wages and hours, the proposal for compulsory investigation is nothing but a hasty and useless makeshift without power to remedy the condition which arose last August.

THE one paragraph in the message devoted to general ideas is concerned with the philosophy of compulsory investigation. The President's reasoning is not easy to follow:

> To pass a law which forbade or prevented the individual workman to leave his work before receiving the approval of society in doing so would be to adopt a new principle into our jurisprudence, which I take it for granted we are not prepared to introduce. But the proposal that the operation of the railways of the country shall not be stopped or interrupted by the concerted action of organized bodies of men until a public investigation shall have been instituted which shall make the whole question at issue plain for the judgment of the opinion of the nation is not to propose any such principle.

But the very sensible proposal to draft crews and administrative officials in time of public necessity is to propose just such a principle. And the proposal to forbid strikes until there has been investigation is to adopt the principle in fact though not in name, for the element of compulsory delay takes away from the employee practically all the value there is in his power to quit work. The objection to compulsory investigation is not that it conflicts with liberty, but that it emasculates the workman's power without substituting something for it. The whole question would have been far less confused had the President recognized that laissez-faire on railways was no longer tolerable, and that it had become necessary to replace the chaos of "liberty" by the nationalization of the wages question. Most emphatically we need this "new principle in our jurisprudence" so far as vital public utilities go. It is a principle, however, which cannot be introduced in haste, and in our opinion the wisest course for Congress would be to lay the matter on the table until the Newlands Committee has reported.

ASIDE from the railroad program, the most interesting proposal is for a corrupt practices act. Congress will do well to make this a lively issue and to institute a searching investigation of the money used in the last election. It is high time that the American people were given a chance to understand the power of money in national campaigns. They need to see more clearly than they do the extent to which corruption of the electorate has gone in certain districts, to track down the rumors about conditions, especially in certain of the older districts. For our part, we should like to know, for example, what the facts are about West Virginia, Delaware, and one or two counties in Connecticut, whether it is true that there were concealed campaign funds, and what the methods are by which votes are not only bought like drygoods, but by the more subtle methods known as "bringing out the vote." Obviously such an investigation to be of any value must be more than a club used by the Democrats on the Republicans. For when the whole picture

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is drawn it will be found, we imagine, that the difference in sin is merely quantitative.

SOME time ago we called attention to the mischievous misunderstanding of American political issues with which certain Americans in Paris seem able to indoctrinate French opinion. A glaring example of this misinterpretation is to be found in the comment by the *Temps* on the results of the presidential election. That journal had the misfortune to publish an editorial comment on the supposed election of Mr. Hughes which for ignorance of the facts and for falsification of the actual issues is incomparable. According to the *Temps*, the election was fought mainly on the issue of American policy with regard to the war. The Democrats had posted up Mr. Wilson's portrait with the legend: "He has preserved peace." The Republicans had painted under the same portrait: "He has allowed our children to be killed." "Peace preserved on one side, the Lusitania unavenged on the other" were, declared the *Temps*, the issues of the last few weeks of the contest. The victory of Mr. Hughes was, therefore, "the victory of American idealism over American materialism." This interpretation was confirmed by an American resident in Paris, Professor Baldwin, who announced that by the response made to the appeal of the Republican party and "its noble representatives" the American people had pronounced in favor of a government destined "to establish the moral credit of the nation abroad." All this in spite of the fact that during the last two weeks of the campaign the "noble representatives" of the Republican party filled the newspapers with advertising devoted exclusively to convincing voters that the Republicans alone could be depended on at the end of the war to shut out imports from France and Great Britain.

RUSSIA has received a definite promise of Constantinople in the event of a victory by the Allies. Such is the burden of a recent statement from the Russian Premier, and its importance can scarcely be overestimated. The promise apparently means that even if Germany can be expelled or is willing to retire from France and Belgium, even if Serbian independence can be guaranteed and the French and Italian frontiers rectified, even if some compromise can be reached with respect to Poland, English and French blood must still be shed in order to gratify a purely imperialist ambition on the part of Russia. Will public opinion in France and Great Britain sustain a prolongation of the war in order to accomplish a result which two generations ago French and English blood was spent in order to prevent? This is not an academic question. The military operations and the diplomatic negotiations of the next few years may put it up for an answer to the French and English people. For assuming Germany can be beaten, she would have to be rendered helpless before she would succumb to the Russian ambition. Russia in Constantinople would mean the exclusion of Germany from the Balkans and the Near East. It would mean the renunciation by Germany of the kind of expansion which France and Great Britain have considered necessary to their welfare, or else its pursuit at the expense of the French and British colonial empires. It would mean at best an alteration of the Balance of Power in Europe so radical that it would have to be redressed by other wars. It would mean in all probability the prolongation of the present war for an indefinite period and a corresponding increase of its unimaginable cost. If the question should be put to the French and British people the immediate future of the world depends upon its answer.

ON the ground that "there is a possibility, perhaps more than a possibility, that this defendant is not guilty," Governor Whitman has used his clemency for C. F. Stielow and commuted his sentence to life imprisonment. We believe that Governor Whitman has discharged this responsibility wisely, but it is the kind of responsibility with which we regret to see any governor burdened. If the death penalty were of undoubted efficacy, the risk of such a mistake as the Stielow case suggested would be one of its regrettable contingencies. The death sentence is itself so questionable, however, that its miscarriage is worse than regrettable. It is hideous and brutish. Largely because of underlying sentiment against the death penalty, a feeling that it is a crude and blind way to deal with even guilty murderers, the volunteer efforts on behalf of Stielow, and Governor Whitman's final clemency after ten judges had decided the other way, must appeal to many persons who can have no real opinion as to the merits of the Stielow case. It is because Governor Whitman comprehended the horror of a miscarriage of justice in this dubious case that he deserves to be warmly commended.

IN its report on coöperation in American export trade, the Federal Trade Commission advocates a clarification of the Sherman Anti-Trust law so that small producers shall have no doubt of their legal right to combine for export purposes. After the war higher taxes, higher wages to labor, wastage of capital will tend to retard Europe's industrial recuperation for for-

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eign trade; according to the Commission's report, but, on the other hand, the competition for foreign trade may very well be much sharper. The present belligerent countries will be aided by national merchant marines, international banking facilities and a governmental policy which encourages combination. Small American exporters, bringing to export business the competition, the independence and "the play of individual forces," which is our "settled domestic policy," find themselves at a sharp disadvantage in their battle with the combined exporters of another land. What the Commission calls "equality of opportunity" at home becomes a serious handicap abroad. A bill which permitted exporters to coöperate for foreign trade, but safeguarded the interests of the domestic consumer "against any artificial stifling of domestic competition through combinations or unfair practices," was up at the last session of Congress. Surely there can be no objection to its passage now. Once again a chapter is added to that curious book which might well be called "Indirect and Bashful Attacks on the Anti-Trust Law."

PICARESQUE beyond the invention of genius is the affidavit of Theodore H. Martin, "hustler," "jackroller" and repeater of Kansas City, Missouri. Mr. Martin's regular business is to wait for jovial drinkers, put chloral in their glasses, and then lead them into alleys and take their jewelry. His principal interest in politics is to defeat prohibition; on the side he gives good-natured aid to the great political parties. On November 7th Mr. Martin accepted $5 to vote for Mr. Hughes, and then cast 37 ballots for Mr. Wilson. This crushing defeat for bribery was accomplished only by a considerable heroism. Mr. Martin memorized 37 names and addresses, in all cases except one connected the right name with the right address, and even confessed to the appellation of J. C. B. Ish. "Knowing the nature of the business which was required of us," writes Mr. Martin, "I had as a precautionary measure brought down and left near headquarters, in the alley, two suits of clothes besides the one I was wearing, but did not find it necessary to make even one change." There was a crowd of "barrel-house bums" also illegally voting, but the hustlers refused to associate with these low fellows and received their beer and whiskey in a different place. There were also a few "shovel stiffs" — field laborers—but their character was clearly unequal to their responsibilities and, writes Mr. Martin, "after being furnished a few drinks and receiving $1 for their vote they became unreliable and could not be depended upon when questioned by Republican workers at the polls." Mr. Martin himself was above accepting money for his votes. All he would take was a political promise—the protection of his legitimate business in a restricted territory. For the discovery of this aristocrat of entrepreneurs we are indebted to that excellent and most accurate of papers, the Kansas City *Star*.

British-American Irritation

IN August, 1914, Britons and Americans were very close together. Newspapers and public speakers were denouncing Germany in the same phrases, and so far as outward expression went the English-speaking nations had become one spiritual community. But since 1914 the experience of the two peoples has diverged. Behind the phrases which inaugurated the war, behind the simple formulæ which were used to explain its origin, the British have placed their lives, their wealth, their pride. No wonder then that the slogans of the war are vivid to Britons as they no longer are to us. For if all that Americans wrote and said in the first months of the war was unimpeachable truth, our peace is indeed dishonorable, and we ought to be fighting alongside the Allies. But events soon showed that though many of us used much the same language as the Allies, the words had a totally different pragmatic value. Not only the election, but the campaign conducted by the Republicans, showed that the bulk of the American people, though they talked like a belligerent, never intended to be one.

The small minority here who desire American intervention, and the great mass of the British people who naturally desire it also, concluded that the stamina of America is decaying because it did not go to war when it talked like a nation at war. It was humiliating to look at the gap between American words and American deeds. Imperceptibly at first, but none the less surely the American people began to close up the gap, but they did it not by squaring their deeds with their words. They began to square their words with their deeds. Having fixed upon non-intervention as a policy, they began to analyze the old phrases, and for over a year we have been witnessing a growing tendency in America to take a less partisan view of the war.

There was plenty of material at hand: the old anti-British tradition implanted in every schoolboy's memory, the blunders at Gallipoli and elsewhere, the Japanese alliance, the indefinite extension of British sea-power, the Irish episode, and a good deal of discourtesy in the British press. More and more Americans began to say that though Germany was the immediate instigator of the war, though the violation of Belgium was the greatest

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crime since the destruction of Poland, yet the origins of this world-wide conflict were deeper than German militarism, and that the guilt must be distributed, however unevenly. Now it would be a mistake to suppose that America became more neutral because it had weighed the evidence. The truth is that America secured the evidence when it had determined to be neutral.

More and more the war has ceased to look like a clean-cut fight between right and wrong, between democracy and absolutism, between public faith and international lawlessness. Italy, Rumania, Russia with their aggressive programs confuse the situation too much, and the lack of any definition of the Allied objective has filled a growing mass of Americans with the sense that the remedy for this horror is not to be had by a "knockout," but is to be sought in radical reorganization. These obscure and half-formulated reactions have found their expression in the idea of a League to Enforce Peace, an idea which is much closer to effective American opinion to-day than any proposal for downright intervention or an out-and-out alliance with the British Empire. It is a true, though no doubt a pale and unappreciated crystallization, and perhaps even a compensation for the diminishing partisanship of America.

This spiritual change has reverberated in Canada and Great Britain. That America should talk big and not act was bad enough, but that America should soften its tone was worse. If you ask an Englishman to-day what it is that we have done to irritate him so, he will insist that he does not quarrel with us for staying out of the war, he will confess that our neutrality has been ultra-benevolent to the Allies, and sharply discriminating against Germany. Then he will point sadly or angrily to things which have been said, things which are unsympathetic to the reasons which are put out as explaining the Allied cause. He will complain about the alteration in the American temper toward the war. His irritation piques us, of course, and the result is a discouraging cleft in the feeling of the English-speaking peoples.

It is curious and significant that no such division has appeared between France and America. No doubt many Frenchmen are annoyed at us, and feel many contemptuous things. But they have been too discreet to let us hear them, and what is more, they do not talk English. For our part the feeling toward France has reached a pitch of almost ecstatic admiration. It is due to facts that are obvious enough, to the intrinsic lovableness of the French people, to their heroism and clarity and their steadfastness. But these qualities will not in themselves explain the spiritual differences in American feeling for France and Britain. The mere fact that a nation has great qualities will unfortunately not always produce an international friendship, and the situation in America is such that we tend to an unlimited idealization of France and a hyper-criticism of Great Britain.

The real explanation surely lies deeper than the spiritual quality of the two peoples. It lies in those portentous historic forces which determine feelings and ideas. Americans have been able to love France as they do, to see the best in France, because the relationship of the two nations is fundamentally disinterested. But the attitude of Britons and Americans is determined in the last analysis by a dim sense that each means to the other so much of good and evil. Our destinies cross. We are inextricably entangled one with another, we know and the British know that the most terrible consequences are involved in our relationship. The feeling for France is the free friendship men give to those whom they meet only in their leisure. With the British we have to-day the discordant intimacy of business partners and family ties. We know that we cannot live apart, we have not yet learned to live together. We are close up to each other, bound in a common destiny, painfully aware of each other's faults, and a little shrill about announcing them.

The task of sanity is to recognize this and hold it in the front of all discussion. So involved are British-American relations that it is impossible to maintain them as they are. We must go forward to alliance or to enmity. Now and in the years immediately ahead this fearful decision will be made, and on it, more than on any other decision will depend the happiness of the western world. We are living out now the process of that decision, and all the existing irritation is a symptom of it. To find the bases of understanding is the supreme British-American task. We turn for help to the two peoples who will find their security in such understanding, the two peoples most able to mediate, the people of Canada and the people of France.

Woman Suffragists and Party Politics

IN a recent issue of THE NEW REPUBLIC statements were made about the relation between Federal amendments and party politics, which to a number of correspondents seemed inconsistent. In one paragraph the National Woman's Suffrage Association was advised to revise its traditional policy of scrupulous non-partisanship. In another, amendments to the federal constitution were described as an indigestible diet for party politics. That an apparent discrepancy exists between the

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statements cannot, of course, be denied, but the discrepancy is the result of the incomplete expression of an idea rather than of the inconsistency of the idea itself. Federal amendments do require the support of two parties; and it would be manifestly fatal for the suffrage agitation to attach itself in any exclusive sense to either one party or the other. But not even the Congressional Unionists, who are the extreme advocates of aggressive methods against the old party machines, accept the suicidal policy of allowing suffragism to be confused with or distinguished from Democracy or Republicanism. They merely aim to prevent the party in power from shirking responsibility for favoring or opposing equal suffrage, and they seek, consequently, to make the ruling party assume a definite attitude or accept the consequences. Their tactics are dictated by the expectation, not that any one party can carry a suffrage amendment, but that if one party comes to favor a suffrage amendment the other party will be obliged to follow suit. The idea which gives birth to these tactics is, we believe, substantially correct. The politicians will shirk the suffrage issue as long as they can; and when they cease to shirk it they will do so either in order to win votes or to avoid losing them.

The treatment received by the woman suffragists from the party conventions last June is expressive of the hypocrisy and treachery of the politicians' attitude towards the agitation for equal suffrage. Both parties feared to lose votes by wholly ignoring the question, so they hit upon the device of pretending to believe in woman suffrage, but of pretending also to advocate its adoption exclusively through state action. By so doing they intended to confer the dignity of a principle upon what is mere irresponsibility with respect to the suffrage agitation. If they are allowed to succeed, the enfranchisement of women, except in a few special localities, will be indefinitely delayed and will have to be purchased by the sacrifice for many years of the lives of some of the best women of the country. Only by preventing the politicians of the two parties from imposing on the country this convenient principle of party irresponsibility can the cost of adopting woman's suffrage be reduced to tolerable dimensions.

The suffragists have every justification for compelling the party politicians to acknowledge responsibility and to act on it. The two parties are national political organizations, organized expressly for the purpose of making government responsible. They have both declared that women are entitled to vote no less than men, and, considering the importance of votes in a democracy, such a declaration as to the distribution of political power should bring with it rather more than the usual obligation to follow through. Yet in the same breath they declare themselves unable or unwilling to do anything to realize their solemn convictions. National parties, they say, should not interfere in this matter because the establishment of qualifications for voting should be left to the states. But in that case why did they declare themselves in favor of equal suffrage? And having declared themselves, why should they not be compelled to do what they can to make the declaration good? As national parties they control the action of Congress, and Congress has the full legal power of doing something to advance the cause of equal suffrage without prejudicing the subsequent right of at least three-quarters of the states to decide the matter for themselves. If the two parties really believe in equal suffrage, they are committed by every obligation of decency and good faith to submit a federal amendment and thus to pass up to the states the business of accepting or rejecting it.

As a matter of fact, the politicians did not commit the two parties to equal suffrage because they believed in it, but because they feared to lose votes by failing to accept it. They will not take the next step of submitting a federal amendment unless by so doing they can save or gain other votes. What it comes to consequently is this: It is chiefly by the assurance and dexterity with which the suffragists use their existing political power that the process of enfranchisement can be accelerated. And acceleration is a matter of the first importance. One by one the reputable obstacles to woman's suffrage have been subdued. When several million women are already voting quite as intelligently as men, it has become absurd to argue the question on its merits. Only anti-democrats can remain convinced anti-suffragists. In the recent campaign both presidential candidates declared equal suffrage to be inevitable, although each drew different inferences from the fact. The inference of Mr. Hughes was correct. If the attainment of suffrage is inevitable, the problem of the suffrage advocates is to devise methods of accelerating the process. The last and the most formidable obstacle is the sheer inertia and prejudice of the existing electorate—its indisposition to share its power, the vulgar but tenacious snobbishness of sex. Such people can be converted only by being to a certain extent bullied. The question is: How far can the bullying go?

A fair inference from the recent election is that the work of bullying should not go so far as the Congressional Unionists propose. There is no disposition among the women voters to organize a woman's party, the object of which shall be to

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use the women's votes exclusively, or even chiefly, to promote suffrage extension. They rejected almost with contempt any effort to make a difference of personal conviction between the two major candidates concerning the federal amendment an issue of preponderant importance. The women voters are, so far as our observation goes, opposed to the intrusion of sex into politics. They consider the chief gain from equal suffrage to be the expulsion of sex discrimination from a region in which it has no justification. To organize a woman's party with special issues and tactics would be to throw away the chief benefit of equal suffrage. But even though the idea of a woman's party is rejected, and properly rejected, by women voters, both men and women voters who believe in equal suffrage and want it achieved with the least possible cost and delay are not obliged to submit supinely to the attempt of the party politicians to shirk all responsibility for the promotion of their party convictions. Without erecting suffrage extension into a paramount issue they may still teach the politicians a lesson by allowing it under certain special circumstances to control their votes.

Within what limits and by what methods the votes of women and of men can both be used to accelerate the coming of equal suffrage are matters which must be determined by prevailing and consequently changing political conditions. Nothing effective can in all probability be accomplished during the present short session of Congress. The successors of the existing congressmen have already been elected, and the incumbents will not care whether their action wins or loses votes for them or their party. Until next fall all the money and time of those who believe in woman suffrage should be concentrated on the attempt to secure its adoption in New York State, where so much thorough preliminary work has already been accomplished. But whether New York is carried or not, the first session of the new Congress will offer exceptional opportunities for bringing pressure to bear on the bi-partisan machine in favor of the federal amendment. Those congressmen, both Democrats and Republicans, who vote against it, in spite of the declaration of their parties in favor of its object, should be warned that, if convenient, a campaign will be carried on in their district to prevent their reëlection. The threat should be made good wherever the fight can be waged with any chance of success, and in many close districts even of non-suffrage states it could be made to look dangerous. In the fall of 1918 competing issues will not assume the importance which they necessarily acquire during the year of a presidential election. The next Congress will, consequently, provide more promising material for the exercise of pressure than the suffragists are likely to have, so far as Congress is concerned, until the fall of 1921. Many congressmen would really fear a threat of this kind and their minds would be opened to the value of a federal amendment. They would begin to understand the impossibility of excluding the suffrage issue from national politics by refusing to assume any responsibility for their declared party convictions. They would begin to see the wisdom of the only honest alternative policy—that of putting a distracting and dangerous issue out of the way by doing what they can as national legislators to promote its success.

To Coördinate Public Research

WE are in the midst of a movement to make our government more efficient in the conduct of the immense business forced upon it by the exigencies of an industrial democracy. The growing expenditures and the consequent increase in the burden of taxes have aroused a wider interest than ever before. The social services rendered by government—municipal, state and national—have brought its processes so intimately into touch with daily life that its methods and effectiveness are matters of concern to all citizens, rich or poor. The demand for system and technical skill in private economy is making more unseemly than ever the waste so long tolerated in the conduct of our common affairs. Finally, the call for "preparedness" has led thousands who have been indifferent to the problems of civil administration to take thought about the ability of the government to fulfill its responsibilities.

In this enterprise teachers of political and social science have as serious responsibilities as men in the field of natural science. Why master all the mysteries of technology, if the government is to prove in the end too weak and too bungling to take advantage of the immense resources developed by private enterprise? Up to the present time, however, the work of students of public economy, like most of the other activities of American life, has been fortuitous and unrelated. Well equipped teachers and investigators have been anarchic in their modes of research and inquiry. They dislike standardization and coöperation subordinated to community purposes. Each prefers to follow his own bent whether it leads him into a study of the Roman *fiscus* or the Nebraska budget law. Excellent individual products have resulted from this genial anarchy, but whole fields of the art of government remain unexplored. A vast amount of time and money are wasted in ill devised or badly executed and half-executed inquiries.

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It is true that there are plenty of learned societies: The American Economic Association, the American Political Science Association, the American Historical Association, sociological, statistical, labor and other societies; but they are unrelated in their organization and methods to the supreme needs of the community. The very diversity of their aims contributes to the anarchy. No one attempts to view the science and art of government as a whole. In fact any such attempt is likely to be regarded by the "specialists" as presumptuous and "journalistic." And yet who can deny that in our need for wise and efficient community action all these agencies and many more besides should be coördinated in such a way as to bring all our intellectual resources, such as they are, upon the grave questions of modern government?

Of course, to some the lost motion and maladjustment are the inevitable price of liberty in thought and action. To a certain extent this is true, but there is a fallacy in the doctrine. There are circumstances under which the unrelated thinker working alone in his garret can produce the greatest results. Poetry and art cannot be produced in a machine shop (although the keen student of history will not overlook the fact that the age of glory in Italian art was the epoch of the full-dinner pail in the Italian trading cities). Yet most of the inventions in technical fields of to-day are not the products of brilliant genius working with poor tools and worse materials. They are not made out of hand, but are developed in the well equipped and endowed laboratories of great industrial plants—standardized, consciously directed, communalized institutions where the individual is subjected to group needs and purposes.

To carry this fruitful method into the field of government and administration, we should take thought about the needs of current government, survey our resources, apportion the work of inquiry, and place trained workers in the environment conducive to the production of the desired results. We should have our resources of information relative to all public questions so mobilized that the humblest or highest officer in the country—the county clerk or auditor as well as the mayor, city manager, governor, or President—may find available all the latest and most approved appliances and technique of his trade as well as the most comprehensive information bearing upon each significant question. It is not merely information that we should be prepared to give him. We should be able to send, on call, the most skilled and best trained technicians to help him install devices, records, and processes which have been tried and tested. In other words, we should have a mobile army of public servants, equipped with the requisite special information, and ready to be thrown into any breach at any time. One reason why we have government by "amateurs" in this country is because we are all amateurs. There are really very few who deserve the name of expert. We shall continue to have government by amateurs until we coördinate our research in government and train genuine experts.

How can this coöperation on a national scale be secured? Naturally one thinks of a great bureau of research, investigation, and statistics maintained by the government at Washington, which would serve as a clearing house for information, assist in the coördination of research, and carry on certain lines of inquiry itself either directly or through bureaus such as the bureau of standards, bureau of chemistry, and other federal agencies. But we should not wait for the slow-moving action of the federal government. Some steps can be taken immediately toward the organization of our resources of inquiry.

In the first place, a committee should be formed, composed of persons representing the existing agencies engaged in government research: universities, official bureaus, learned societies, bureaus of municipal research, state and municipal reference bureaus, the bureau of social hygiene, and similar organizations. This committee should lay out a program based on the actual needs of government. This program should be comprehensive as well as practical. It should be framed by persons with a vision of the ideal as well as a strong sense for the real. The broad principles being laid down, the next step would be to work them out into their various ramifications and to prepare specific "work tasks." These tasks could then be distributed among the several research agencies best fitted for the respective enterprises. Some of the purely research work could be apportioned among the candidates for higher degrees in the universities, while others calling for first-hand and practical knowledge of government at work could be given to agencies with well trained technical staffs. This distribution, however, is a detail which the committees on research coördination would have to work out after a full survey of the several agencies. A central bureau could readily clear the information gathered by numerous agencies and put it at the service of the public officers and authorities for whom it is designed, and give advice in the appropriation of public funds for investigations and in private donations for public purposes. That power which comes from united and directed effort would be the result, and the tone of our government would be improved by constant contact with the spirit of science.

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Trifling with the Food Problem

NEW YORK CITY is the greatest consumer of food in the United States. Conservatively estimated its annual food bill is about $800,000,000. Yet it is absolutely dependent upon outside sources for its supplies. When a railroad strike threatened last summer, a panic was created because, in spite of its isolation, the city had exercised so little foresight that if it were cut off from the world it could not feed itself adequately for more than a week, and three weeks would reduce it to famine. Though the food problem of New York is specially acute, its significance is national.

But the food supply has never been cut off from the city, and in consequence the people have come to regard it ordinarily as a normal provision of nature. So whenever a crisis develops, the city is as helpless as a child that comes to the breakfast table before the cook is up and grows petulant because it is not promptly served.

The current boycott against eggs is a case in point. When egg dealers forced the price up beyond what the city found it pleasant to pay, people thought of nothing better to do than to scold the speculators and threaten to stop eating eggs. Of course this childish performance moved the speculators to mirth. They simply unloaded upon the market eggs that had already been held in storage to the limit of safety. When eggs dropped a few cents the consumers, not knowing that they were merely buying an inferior quality heralded the event as a great triumph for their boycott.

The culminating example of popular helplessness in dealing with the food problem is the complacency with which the people of New York City are accepting Governor Whitman's announcement of a new commission which is to go into the entire subject and report to the legislature. No fault can be found with the men whom the Governor has appointed—they are public-spirited and of proved business ability; but there is serious ground for objection to the appointment of any such commission at this time because all the essential facts in the problem were collected and published by the New York State Food Investigating Commission in 1912, by the Mayor's Market Commission in 1913, and since then by various private organizations. In view of this circumstance, it is difficult to avoid the impression that the appointment of the Commission is a political manoeuver inspired by the speculators and middlemen themselves to checkmate the plans of Mr. John J. Dillon, State Commissioner of Foods and Markets, whose practical contributions to the solution of the marketing problem have made his department the foremost organization of its kind in the country.

In December New York seems completely to have forgotten the lessons taught by the strike of the dairy farmers in October. This strike might have been avoided if the people had paid intelligent attention to the constructive program for their protection against a possible milk famine, the program which Commissioner Dillon presented to the legislature more than a year ago. For years the dairy farmers of the state had protested that the price they received from the great middlemen was below the cost of production. Their charges were sustained by a state investigation as far back as 1909. They had appealed for legislation that would protect not only themselves but the consuming public from the combination of milk dealers who were charging at retail two or three times as much as they were paying the farmers. Last year Commissioner Dillon prepared a bill which provided for the establishment of a receiving and distributing station in the city of New York. This station would have enabled him to pay the farmers a fair price for their milk and to supply the consumer at a reasonable rate, thus creating an effective instrument for the regulation of the milk business and insuring the community a continuous supply. The bill contemplated an outlay of not more than $300,000, an amount it would have saved to the farmers and consumers in the course of a year. But the consuming public showed not the slightest interest, the legislators professed disbelief in the capacity of the farmers to organize, and the whole matter was sidetracked and hushed by the appointment of a commission which after months of investigation discovered not a single new fact of importance. In the meantime the dairy farmers did organize and with the coöperation of Commissioner Dillon forced terms upon the large milk dealers. This gave the farmers a better price for milk; but the people of New York City, thanks to their incapacity for sustained attention, are no better off than they were before.

And now they seem about to repeat this same folly with respect to the city's entire food supply. Again the people of New York are making a great outcry against high prices and the ruthlessness of the food speculators, but it is noteworthy that the demand for practical reform in this larger field is also coming from the farmers. Of the $800,000,000 spent annually in New York City only five per cent goes to the farmers of New York State. The determining factors in the prevailing system of food distribution are the railroads, which control not only transportation, but the docking facilities of the city as well. The railroads have always been particularly interested in the long haul, and as a result the farmers of California and Texas are able to send their produce into the New York mar-

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ket more regularly and in less time than the farmers of central New York. Because of this discrimination, the general agricultural output of New York State has been steadily diminishing in the interstate competition. Commissioner Dillon, in his attempt to secure a larger place in the New York City markets for the farmers of the state, has been continually baffled by the hostility of the railroads and their allies, the commission men.

For example, last year he tried to coöperate with the orchard men by organizing auctions for the public sale of apples. The center of the city's apple market is the Barclay Street pier, which the New York Central Railroad controls and where it permits the speculative dealers to make their sales and deliveries to customers. In the name of the State Department of Foods and Markets and in the interest of state apple growers, Mr. Dillon persistently applied for the privilege of selling apples at public auction from this pier, and the privilege was denied with equal persistence. The result was that untold barrels of apples rotted on the ground in New York State while the New York City consumers paid fancy prices for a portion of the New York crop and for apples shipped in from the South and the Pacific Coast. The same condition prevails with respect to eggs, butter, poultry and other supplies.

There is no longer any mystery about the principal cause of excessive food prices in New York City. The farmers grow more than they are able to sell; but the railroads and the food speculators by their control of the terminal and distributing facilities restrict and juggle the supply so that the consumers have annually to pay from $150,000,000 to $200,000,00 more for their commodities than would be necessary if the state or the city owned an adequate terminal and storage plant from which food might be sold directly to the ultimate consumer or retailer. The establishment of such a plant is Mr. Dillon's simple and entirely feasible proposal. It has been approved by State Senator Wick, and it is essentially identical with the one recently proposed by Mr. George W. Perkins. Both of these men the Governor has appointed to the new commission. The problem is intricate, as the Governor says; but, as he also says, it is "not something that has cropped up in fifteen minutes or risen over-night." It has been exhaustively investigated time and again and, as in the case of the milk problem, there are no facts of importance which this new commission can possibly uncover.

When Governor Whitman first announced his intention of appointing this commission, he insisted that he had no desire to supersede Mr. Dillon, but that he was unable to support Mr. Dillon's plan because the state could not afford to spend three or four million dollars for the wholesale terminal market which the plan calls for. This explanation was made immediately after the people of the state had voted a bond issue of ten million dollars to extend their state parks—a project of great importance to the public but not nearly so important as facilities for the economical distribution of food.

At the very moment when an unusually competent public servant is ready to take effective action for the relief of both producers and consumers, he is virtually superseded by a commission which, if it follows precedent, will be chiefly noteworthy for its effectiveness in allaying public unrest and checkmating a program of action. And while this manoeuver is in process, the people of New York City are diverting themselves with a futile boycott against eggs and an equally futile spluttering against the speculators and middlemen—against everybody but themselves. They are trifling with a vital problem of public economy.

If Commissioner Dillon were in a nation of belligerent Europe, he would be given autocratic power over the food supply. Public officials concerned with the food supply in our own country are watching the fate of the New York department not only because they recognize as models the law which Mr. Dillon drafted and the organization which he is perfecting, but also because they see in his present struggle a critical test of the willingness of the people to support an efficient servant. If the people of New York City remain complacent while Mr. Dillon's work is sidetracked and suppressed, they will give another signal demonstration of popular incapacity for constructive reform; and they will sacrifice a unique opportunity for carrying through an experiment of national importance.

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The Failure of Rumania

WHEN last August Rumania entered the war, practically all the military writers, including Colonel Feyler and Colonel Repington, supposed that the Rumanians would strike south across the Danube in an endeavor to cut the Berlin-Constantinople railway at Sofia or at Nish. There was every reason for anticipating this plan of campaign; in Transylvania there was no near objective of any strategical value, while of course the Constantinople railway was, and is, vital to the success and coördination of the Central Powers. Moreover before the declaration of war Sarrail had begun those intermittent activities which have ever since held the bulk of the Bulgarian forces in Macedonia. At that time, therefore, the disposition of the Teutonic armies in the Balkans, which was well known to the Rumanians, was as follows: On the Transylvanian frontier, between Dorna Watra and Orsova, there were only frontier guards. On the Danube from Orsova to Rustchuk, there were only frontier guards. At Rustchuk, and along the line of the Rustchuk-Varna railway, there was, and had been for several months, a considerable force of Bulgarians, Germans and Turks, kept there in view of the very contingency which did actually develop. In Macedonia the main Bulgarian forces, strengthened by some picked German units, opposed Sarrail. All this was known in Rumania, including the size of the Bulgarian army at Rustchuk, which was estimated at about 50,000 mobile infantry. It was also known that for reinforcement Bulgaria counted on the Turks, who had already despatched a considerable force to Galicia.

Now what most critics expected to happen was this. Russia was to extend her military frontier from Dorna Watra southward, along the Moldavian frontier, as far, say, as Predeal, which was actually done, at least in part. Russia was likewise to descend upon Bulgaria, through the Dobrudja, using the Cernavoda-Constanza railway as a base. This Russia did not do. Her forces in the Dobrudja, at least in the first four months of the campaign, were light.

Meanwhile Rumania was to cross the Danube. This was then quite possible. Rumania could have brought to bear upon Bulgaria a large numerical superiority, and could have feinted at a dozen places, just as the Austro-Germans did when they invaded Serbia in 1914 and 1915. At the same time Sarrail was to exert pressure both by attacks and by a lengthening of his line westward to Lake Presba, as he did, and not unsuccessfully.

According to this plan of campaign there was only left the western Carpathians for Rumania to defend. This naturally strong frontier, it was supposed, could be held by a proper fortification of the Torzburg, Rothenturm and Vulkan passes. The eventual result of this strategy, of course, was to be the elimination of Bulgaria from the war.

Instead, the Rumanians struck north, counting on two things—the element of surprise, and the known lack of Austrian reserves. Political factors no doubt existed also, but for the present these lie in the field of conjecture. As a matter of fact, the Rumanian attack did actually surprise the Austrian frontier guards, and there were no Austrian reserves available.

Exactly what were the strategical objectives of the Rumanians will perhaps never be known; for what they did not apparently take into account were the military resources of Germany. The armies with which they presently found themselves engaged were almost wholly German, and against those armies they stood no chance whatever. Their initial defeats at the hands of Mackensen in the Dobrudja they justly regarded as indecisive, since neither they nor the Russians had chosen to make a great offensive effort in that theatre of the war. But the ease with which the Bulgarian Rustchuk army took 20,000 prisoners at Tutrakan must have been disturbing to them, as it was to the outside world. The course of the campaign in the Dobrudja argued great tactical weakness in the Rumanian military machine, and prophesied difficulties in Transylvania as well.

From the first moment of contact with Falkenhayn's Germans these difficulties became obvious. For Falkenhayn, in view of the immense tactical superiority of his command, was able to execute movements of converging columns and of encirclement which are highly reckless when employed against a good opponent. In fact the principal obstruction to his advance was not the Rumanians, but the lack of rearward communications. He surrounded and destroyed a Rumanian force in the Vulkan Pass, feinted at Predeal, broke the Rumanian resistance at Tirgujiul, and descended to the Danube almost unopposed, where he established connection with Mackensen's Bulgarians. In two months, with inferior forces, and upon a difficult terrain, he completely defeated the Rumanian armies, and invaded their land from the Carpathians to the Danube.

Yet those who counseled originally a defensive

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campaign against Austria combined with an offensive against Bulgaria no longer feel sure that the outcome would have been different. Strategically, no doubt, the campaign against Bulgaria offered greater objectives with better chances for their achievement, but it is now admitted that it was not the strategical factors which turned the scale. For strategy can no more be effected without tactics than bricks can be made without straw, and the tactical value of the Rumanian military machine has been proved very low. Against the Germans it fell to pieces like dust; against Mackensen's Bulgarians it could not have prevailed. Falkenhayn would have forced the Carpathian passes, just as he actually did force them, and the result would have been the same.

Against Falkenhayn's strategy and against his success there is not a word to say; he correctly estimated the strength of his opponent; and he won. Yet what German general has yet earned a reputation on the west front? What Russian general against Germany? What Austrian against Russia? This war has definitely proved—though it was not necessary to prove it—that success depends almost exclusively on the tactical value of the military machine. A stupid general with a good army can beat a wise general with a bad army. The Rumanian army was a bad organization; and the combined strategy of Joffre and Brussilov could not have saved it. A German corporal is better fitted to command a company, or a troop, or a battery, than a Rumanian captain; and that is why Falkenhayn so easily won. It is tactics, not strategy, which really matters—tactics, which simply means each man's mastery of his own job, plus the relation of that job to the job of the man above, alongside, below. That is what the British are still at school learning, and what will decide the war.

It is therefore idle any longer to discuss strategy in connection with the Rumanian army. Somewhere in Moldavia perhaps, what is left of them will be reorganized, and sent to school by General Brussilov. And after that Falkenhayn will find them no easier to deal with than any other trained troops; for they are naturally a brave and sturdy peasant race.

In conclusion, it should be pointed out that here also lies the secret of that "unaccountable" delay of Sarrail. Sarrail is an old French professional soldier who knows what his troops can do. Composing the detachments included in his command there are, among others, French, Russians, British, Italians, North African Arabs, Senegalese, Indo-Chinese, Indians, Cretans and Serbs. All that Sarrail had to do was to transform the Tower of Babel into an effective working force. He had also to perfect a staff organization, collect reserves of military material, climb a wall of mountains, and keep one eye on the Greek King. What is surprising is not that he has done so little, but that he has done so much. For Sarrail knew, as apparently Averescu and Iliescu did not, that a uniform does not make a soldier.

GERALD MORGAN.

Charles Booth

THE death of Charles Booth deprives England of one of her most precious personalities. He has left us in the midst of things, and one of his last wishes, the desire to see England win and to help in the adjustment of a durable peace, has had to remain unfulfilled. Yet aside from the intransigeance of grief his death can hardly be said to have been untimely. When a man has reached his seventy-sixth year his grateful friends must anxiously anticipate his demise, however buoyantly he may outface each recurrent attack of ill health. But it is just when a man has safely slipped into his eighth decade that we are likely to wish him to live forever. For if we still love and cherish him then, it is because we are charmed by the mellowness of his ripened personality and find fresh delight in the unexpected flexibility of his mind. His last years seem like the fruition of a life well lived and nobly expended.

The buoyancy that marked Charles Booth to the end sprang from his astonishing gift of being rejuvenated by the brimful spectacle of the world's events. If we test him, as all things are being tested now, against the background of the present war, we shall find him ringing true. In these two trying years he never lost his poise; his finely balanced attitude here is the true measure of the man. For he could look upon his enemy without rancor and honestly fear him without taking refuge in calumny. He could even admire him. Writing shortly after the beginning of the war to friends in America he said, "I think I understand the German dream, aim, and the claim 'Deutschland ueber Alles,' its intoxication and justification, its high hopes and boundless ambition. . . . Whatever one may think of her programme and her methods she stands out heroic—a titan against the world." The courtliness that characterized all his relations with men did not desert him here. Fully confident of England's ultimate victory he never ceased to think realistically about the origin of the war. In his eyes the conflict had long been invested with a certain inevitability. He recognized a world rivalry with Germany, and while

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he never ceased to hope that the struggle might be avoided he was always anxiously concerned to have his country fit to meet the test. When at last the issue had been joined he was sorrowfully content. His England had to fight as soon as any strong continental power threatened the Channel. Thus it was that he could recognize the Belgian casus belli for what it was worth. Writing again to an American friend he said, "We need not have waited for the Germans to cross the frontier for our action; but here, as with you too, the large amount of popular feeling which hung around the war for Belgium's sake had to be secured politically for the sake of a united front. . . . Sir Edward Grey just managed it, and the patience of France was wonderful." He knew that it was really superfluous to call a life-and-death issue a moral issue.

For those who never knew Charles Booth or experienced the extraordinary charm and magnetism of his personality his name will remain memorable chiefly through his "Life and Labor of the People in London." That imposing work, the parent of all our subsequent surveys, has become one of the classics of applied sociology. Planned to cover the largest city in the world it necessarily assumed gigantic proportions. It provided a method and established a standard for all future investigations of a similar nature. Its grave and minute preoccupation with the details of those innumerable anonymities which constitute a democracy gives it a monumental character, however fleeting some of its generalizations may prove to be. It was, as a matter of fact, undertaken with no ambition towards permanency. For it strove only "to observe and chronicle the actual," and that, as we know, is constantly changing. Its conclusions were timid, and much of it must already seem old-fashioned to the scientific sociologist. Its importance is mainly as a record, and that importance becomes vivid to us as soon as we look at the book historically and try to imagine what it would mean to have such a cross-section of an empire city like Rome or even of London in the sixteenth or eighteenth century.

But we cannot properly value it or understand its shortcomings unless we bring it into relation to Mr. Booth's career as a business man. Mr. Booth was one of that fast disappearing type formerly referred to as captains of industry. Beginning in a small way he and his brother Alfred Booth soon developed a business which linked two continents and exploited a third when the Booth Steamship Company tapped the fertile resources of the Amazon valley. In the far-flung investments which marked his enterprise he came to value the individual's resource and loyalty until individuality became a creed with him. Men devoted their lives and died in far-off countries for the good of a firm which dealt with them justly and generously. Mr. Booth was unusually fortunate in attracting men upon whose devotion and zeal he could count. These qualities became his touchstone by which he judged all things. He turned to examine his city as a business man and sought to explain its failures from a business man's point of view.

His attitude towards sociology was therefore overwhelmingly personal. The London which he studied was his London, which he loved and knew so intimately. Her motley millions became his personal friends and familiars whom he asked to do for their own good and the common weal what the men whom he had known in his business enterprises had done for him and for their own wellbeing. That is why his conclusions are so curiously full of emphasis upon self-help and the virtues of religious conversion as a step towards that end. In the concluding chapter of his fifth volume on industrial conditions in London we find a graphic illustration of his attitude. He is contemplating a cross-section of a London street taken at random and makes the things he finds there representative of his whole research. He sees his Londoners pass and they look good to him. "We thus have the general impression of a well-to-do energetic people, and we find this impression borne out by all the facts and every test that can be applied. . . . Here and there as one walks some woe-begone figure slips past, or a glimpse is caught of some back street. We may then turn to our statistics to learn what proportion such things bear to the rest, and it would seem that the proportion is on the whole much the same as is indicated by the panorama of the street. If we would plumb the degree of misery involved, or analyse its causes we may do so from the annals of the people and streets that these volumes contain, or far better, bring to bear upon the quest personal knowledge gained in attempts to improve the conditions of life or relieve distress." This is a rosy view, too full perhaps of the glow of a personality which sees each success or failure in terms of purely individual effort and passes by the interdependence of the whole.

Mr. Booth's later work shows a gradual turning away from this purely individual laissez-faire point of view. His work as a Privy Counselor to King Edward, a distinction which he received in 1904, as well as his membership in the Royal Commission to deal with the problem of the unemployed in England, and in the Royal Tariff Commission, enlarged his outlook and broadened his sympathies in the conflict between capital and

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labor. He recognized more clearly that the poor man and the rich man whom he saw on the street are more than the product of separate individual forces and are related to each other by social forces which often transcend the individual's helplessness or his confident self-reliance. In the last few years Mr. Booth preoccupied himself considerably with labor difficulties and earnestly sought to alleviate the bitterness of industrial strife by pleading for equable methods of arbitration. His pamphlet on Industrial Unrest and Trade Union Policy published 1913 in London and New York was an attempt to formulate such a scheme and make the efficiency movement equally profitable to the trade unionist and the employer. On his last visit to America just before the war he warmly championed these new views. But it is the large work nevertheless which holds his enduring monument. As a survey of London and a record of its teeming activity it reads like the Domesday Book of our modern industrial system.

ALFRED BOOTH KUTTNER.

A Nation of Immigrants

Immigration in the Light of History: II

FIFTY years have elapsed since the Civil War, and they form a period of convenient length for comparison with the half century preceding the Revolution. For the later period, it is desirable to use the reports of the United States census. This is not merely a matter of convenience, it is also because other statistics besides those of immigration are there available. But the census for 1870 would include the years of the Civil War when immigration might be considered as below normal, and it therefore seems necessary to limit the inquiry to the reports of 1880-1910. This shortening of the period is of no particular importance as those forty years are fairly representative of the whole period since 1865.

Attention should be drawn at the outset to the fact that in the present instance the figures which are used refer to white population only. It is somewhat surprising that so many studies of foreign immigration in giving percentages or proportions take the total population as the basis without eliminating the Negro. We have not yet reached the stage of over-population in this country so that our immigration problem is one of assimilation and to some extent of absorption. It may be true that our black population is proportionately decreasing and the mulatto population increasing, and that this may mean the ultimate amalgamation of the black and white races in this country in the course of centuries, but the idea is so difficult to most minds that it is desirable to leave it out of consideration, and the process is so slow that this may safely be done. In other words, it is assimilation of immigration by whites which is under consideration here.

If, then, we take the immigration since the Civil War, we find that the records show hundreds of thousands of immigrants annually and at times even more than a million; that the annual average immigration in each of the decades was from six-tenths of one per cent to something over one per cent of the total white population; and that the average for all of the forty years was approximately nine-tenths of one per cent. But these figures are subject to a reduction of nearly one half, at least for the later and largest years. In 1908 the Bureau of Immigration began the publication of statistics showing the number of departing aliens as well as those arriving. For five years, 1908-1912, the deduction on account of departures would have reduced the reported immigration by over fifty per cent. Even in the fiscal year of 1914—which is said to have shown the largest immigration of any year except 1907—with a total immigration of 1,403,081, the net increase in population from this source was only 769,276.

At least so far as numbers are concerned, these figures reveal the immigration peril which has alarmed so many. It does not relieve the situation, but it may make it appear less terrifying if we can appreciate the fact that immigration was upon a proportionately larger scale for the fifty years preceding the Revolution and that the nation emerged successfully from the danger.

The calculation that is here offered is made upon the basis of the statements previously given and of others similar in character, and, as in the later period, the years of war are dropped out of account. It is the writer's estimate that the known immigration for the period preceding the Revolution came in a fairly steady tide, but very naturally with an ebb and flow, and that while in some years it might have been small, in the other years it would run from one-half of one per cent to at least two per cent of the total white population. The German estimate, which is believed to be fairly accurate, has already been quoted to the effect that those of their blood amounted approximately to one-tenth of the total population at the time of

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the Revolution. The Scotch-Irish claim to have amounted to one-sixth. Professor Edward Channing of Harvard might be expected, by inheritance and training, to take an impartial view of the subject, and in the second volume of his scholarly "History of the United States" he has estimated that "About one-third of the colonists in 1760 were born outside of America." Thirty-three and one-third per cent foreign-born! In 1910 the foreign-born amounted to less than sixteen and one-half per cent of the white population and less than fifteen per cent of the total population. That Channing probably included Negroes as well as whites in his estimate would necessitate the reduction of his figures considerably, but from another point of view to be considered later, his percentage represents fairly well the immigration problem which the eighteenth century had to meet.

While these figures may be surprising, the first thought that occurs to almost everyone is that the question is more than one of mere numbers. There is a great difference between an immigration of one or two stocks, such as the sturdy Germans or aggressive Scotch-Irish, and the miscellaneous hordes that have been flowing into this country of recent years. But the study of the earlier period directed particular attention to the Germans and Scotch-Irish because of the size and more or less organized character of that immigration. Every student of pre-Revolutionary local history and every student of genealogy knows that there was a large unorganized immigration of individuals and families from almost every civilized nation and from some uncivilized peoples of the globe. Dr. Johann David Schoepf was chief surgeon to the German troops in America from Anspach, and in a letter from New York of December, 1780, he wrote:

> A promiscuous crowd of almost all nations of Europe, of Jews and Negroes, of all creeds and sects, of people who have settled here for such diverse reasons, and often in order to escape legal penalties, here congregates and ingrafts upon the common country of their adoption the sentiments, manners, and habits of life which each individual has brought with him. Such a mixture will require a long fermentation before it will contain the spirit, the feelings, and the imprint of a united people.

We have been gradually growing accustomed, and especially of more recent years, to regard ourselves as a composite people—an amalgamation of several races and many nationalities. To illustrate that, the writer is fond of quoting Herbert Croly's characterization of Mark Hanna's ancestry. After describing how "In his father's blood there was a Scotch-Irish, a Welsh, and an English or Dutch strain," and "on his mother's side a French Huguenot, an Irish, and an English infusion," Mr. Croly concludes: "He became by virtue thereof a tolerably typical American—which means a man whose past is so miscellaneous that he is obliged to seek for himself some form of effective personal definition."

An unlimited number of examples could be taken showing similar composite genealogies, but to no particular purpose for practically everyone now admits the heterogeneous character of the American people. The object of the present study is to show that while the ingredients might have been slightly different, the mixture was just as great in pre-Revolutionary times. In other words, that we not only are but always have been a nation of immigrants. Schoepf's statement is a bit of striking testimony in support of that conclusion.

An even better witness is a Frenchman whose career is in a way typical of the better class of adopted Americans of that time. Michel Guillaume Jean de Crèvecœur had served as an officer with the French in Canada and probably came into the British colonies after the fall of Quebec. Adopting the name of "Saint John," he traveled and perhaps lived in Pennsylvania for a time. Later he married and settled in New York State and after the Revolution he was appointed French Consul-General at New York. Before or during the Revolution, when he had had fifteen or twenty years' experience in this country, he wrote his "Letters from an American Farmer." The book is one of the most delightful pieces of literature of the Revolution, and making allowance for the author's temperament and enthusiasm, it is of considerable historical value. One of the "Letters" was entitled: "What is an American?" And Crèvecoeur answered the question by saying:

> They are a mixture of English, Scotch, Irish, French, Dutch, Germans, and Swedes. From this promiscuous breed, that race now called Americans have arisen. . . . I could point out to you a family whose grandfather was an Englishman, whose wife was Dutch, whose son married a French woman, and whose present four sons have now four wives of different nations.

That sort of thing seems perfectly possible to us, but the significant point is that Crèvecœur was writing at the time of the Revolution, and what he was describing was becoming more and more true of the mass of immigrants. The old race or nationality distinctions were being lost, and the new elements were not so much being absorbed as they were being mixed into a new composite which has become known as American.

The process was slow and while it was taking place thought and action were still dominated by a relatively small upper social ruling class which kept its stock purer for a much longer time. This class was in general closely allied to the English

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by blood, and being articulate, fastened upon us the tradition of Anglo-Saxon origin, which was probably not true for the majority of our people after the middle of the eighteenth century.

Chesterton, in his brilliant and entertaining way, scoffs at this tradition, saying:

> That sort of thing must be left to people who talk about the Anglo-Saxon race, and extend the expression to America. How much of the blood of the Angles and Saxons (whoever they were) there remains in our mixed British, Roman, German, Dane, Norman, and Picard stock is a matter only interesting to wild antiquarians. And how much of that diluted blood can possibly remain in that roaring whirlpool of America into which a cataract of Swedes, Jews, Germans, Irishmen, and Italians is perpetually pouring, is a matter only interesting to lunatics.

In view of these things it seems odd that one should still see, indeed quite frequently in the present crisis, references to our Anglo-Saxon origin, or to our blood relationship with the English. By our language and institutions, by our traditions and ideals, we have much in common with the British, much more than with any other nation, but blood relations of theirs, at least close relations, we as a people are not.

The substance of the whole matter is that the composite American type originated in the pre-Revolutionary period; it was more fully developed in the generations following; and while the modern product may represent a mingling of somewhat different strains, he still remains one of that "promiscuous breed . . . now called Americans."

MAX FARRAND.

A Loss to Industry

UP to the time of Dr. Henry Ullmann's death, December, 1915, his plan was the exclusive secret of a great corporation. Since the need for secrecy died with the author of the plan, I now take the liberty of putting it on record. Some may doubt its scientific soundness or dispute its social value. These points I do not assume to settle. I learned of the Ullmann plan by happy accident, and I think it can now be disclosed without any unfairness to those gentlemen who had fostered it in the hope that it would quietly solve some of their recurrent industrial difficulties. . . . At Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, Dr. Ullmann's idea was first foreshadowed. George Cryder had gone up from Chicago in the clean dampness of the Autumn air to have a quiet Sunday at his house, and he had taken with him his fat and genial friend Ullmann. A dyspeptic fellow-director of Cryder's, Dwight by name, had joined them at the last moment, and it was largely Dwight's fault that the conversation by the open hearth on Sunday evening had turned on business. It was at that time, not so long before the war, a normal period in business. By reason of its hepatic insufficiency, so to speak, business was having its customary siege of depression. As an industrial chief Cryder was so familiar with this phase that he did not give it a thought. He wasn't worrying. His brain was adjusted like the engine in a racing-car and, as he expressed it himself with the startling originality of his kind, he paid other men to do the worrying for him. One of these men, apparently, was the sallow Dwight. Quite different was Ullmann. Ullmann had nerves padded by fatness. He rolled smoothly through life, blinking with small amused eyes at the problems that disconcerted his brethren. Behind his small eyes revolved many notions that would have shocked his colleagues, disturbed the women of his Chicago acquaintance, upset even the coolness of Cryder himself. Ullmann liked to play with human destinies as his fat fingers played with his cigar.

"You keep talking of your difficulties with labor," he said to Dwight from the depths of his chair. "What is the use? The solution is in your own hands but you will not grasp it. You are exactly like all your competitors. This business of breeding mosquitoes and then getting excited, *excited,* trying to kill them! It must be due to an unsatisfied craving for the strenuous life."

"You don't know labor conditions or you wouldn't talk that way, that's all," Dwight retorted crisply.

"Not as you know them, my friend. But I should not try—that is the difference between us. I should never ask water to run up hill. Where I find a constant problem, I always find an equally constant stupidity. Isn't that your experience, George? In your position, Dwight, I would try to approach the labor problem in a new way. I did that myself, in point of fact, and I think I may say I found a solution."

"The solution of the labor problem?" Dwight smiled acidly.

Ullmann smiled in response. "Precisely."

"I hope it isn't any Henry Ford 'solution,'" retorted the director. "People are on their knees trying to buy his commodity—it's a cinch. He could pay ten dollars for a five-hour day and still get away with it. It's a damn shame, just the same. Teaching working-people to want to live like Ogden Armour, that's what he's doing. It's the cost of high living, not the high cost of living ——"

"Give Ullmann a chance, Roswell," murmured Cryder. "What's the idea, Doc?"

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"It is a scientific solution, George, and I have nothing to show for it, but in your hands I believe it would succeed. The idea is pretty fundamental." Ullmann lapsed into silence.

Cryder was incapable of Dwight's incredulous sneer. He merely watched Ullmann out of his unusually steady blue eyes. "I don't expect a hand-me-down from you, Doc. What is it you've found?"

Ullmann sat up and looked at Cryder. "First," he observed seriously, waving his cigar hand with slow ease, "there is no good your starting with my scheme until you formulate your own labor requirements. Once you really formulate requirements, you can cope with them scientifically. Now for the sake of illustration I am going to assume that your biggest need is unskilled labor. You want a man, a given sort of man, a standardized man to do standardized work, and you want him at low cost in large numbers, when you need him, as you need him. Must he be very intelligent?"

"Uh-hu," Cryder shook out a negative without removing his cigar.

"We want men who aren't thinking of their own interest the whole darned time," ejaculated Dwight. "The men are entitled to their fair share, but they can't have more or they'll run the whole thing into the ground."

"Precisely. The man you need does not require to be intelligent, but he must have strength and endurance and be obedient and reliable. He must stay on the job so that the supply will not fail the demand. He ought to be able to work 12 or 14 hours a day, seven days a week, and yet he must not wear out too soon. He must keep fit on a comparatively cheap dietary. There is a type, that is to say, which the Vulcan Corporation could agree was highly desirable?"

"Quite so," Cryder answered. Then his lip curled in a sort of smile. "Some fellow got into hot water for saying that if gorillas weren't so crusty they'd be fine."

"Just so," Ullmann smiled back, "but the gorilla is merely conceivable. The creature you need must be human and he must be white. How to produce him is the question and I have solved it. . . . There is only one thing certain in heredity, so far as I know. That is the certain reproduction of a defective by the mating of defectives. You *can* breed defectives true to type. If you grant me that, the only point that remains is this: can we be sure of producing a defective that would be suitable for the purposes of the Vulcan Corporation? It is still a question, of course, and I may be wrong, but it is my opinion that it can be accomplished, and accomplished in such a way that, by virtue of commanding this sort of labor exclusively, the V. C. can put its next competitors out of business."

"I'm not sure I get you, Doc," Cryder said quietly.

"I'm pretty sure I don't get you," snapped Dwight. "These defectives would raise Cain with our plants. We'd be paying compensation to all creation. We have enough defectives as it is, I guess."

"It is merely a matter of selection, George," Dr. Ullmann ignored Dwight. "You ask of science, is it possible to produce this kind of worker pretty certainly and in great number? I answer, in all likelihood yes. The mating of unsuitable defectives produces an impossible result, of course. I would not suggest that you turn your plants over to unrecognized imbeciles. But there is a kind of defective who is right, absolutely right, for our purposes. Some defectives are hopelessly brooding and surly. The right kind is extraordinarily good-natured. He is excellent even at machine work. The monotony of the division of labor does not exist for him. On the contrary, he loves to repeat the same motion endlessly, it is part of his defectiveness. But for your kind of labor he is invaluable. He acquires a habit rather easily and he is as strong as a horse. He has to be dragged away from his occupation. His endurance is unlimited. He is remarkably cheerful and docile. He is exceedingly prolific—defectives always are, of course—and he lives practically forever. Above all, rightly mated, he breeds true to type." Ullmann's face irradiated almost spiritually. With his cigar he gestured this admirable defective on the air.

"It's a pipe dream," observed Dwight. "The slave-owners had an idea like this, and it didn't wash."

"Because, my dear fellow, they did not employ science. They had the instinct to select a race they supposed to be subnormal, but they had absolutely no process for eliminating the higher and more troublesome types. These types that my tests would throw out created friction, fatal friction under a democratic form of government."

"But how can you sew it up, Doc? Roswell here is smelling out a real difficulty."

Ullmann shrugged. "That is up to you, after all. I indicate the principle. It is for you to devise the application. But don't be troubled about damage suits. A little extra insurance takes care of that." He reposed, smiling.

"A model town?" Dwight looked at Cryder.

"And a eugenic staff with Henry Ullmann at the head. But how can we corral enough of the right defectives to start it up?"

"It is too simple, my friends," returned the

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doctor. "If you could control an immigrant station, say at Boston or Philadelphia, you could breed your defectives in Europe. On the whole, that would be easier and better. England, perhaps? Germany? Yes, perhaps Germany too. But almost any country will answer. You need men and women both. Then as you require recruits you can import batches of them to your model community. You would need to organize them into within-the-company brotherhoods, of course, with a Master and Servant contract. The defectives would sign that, right away. Then you could standardize their dietary and their recreation and their 'welfare' in general. The defectives would like that. With a little tact you could see they mated properly. You would have to oppose birth control, of course, and exclude trade unionists from the community and take care to keep out agitators and malcontents. The question of hours and wages will give you no trouble, if you can keep it in the hands of the defectives themselves. If you keep them uncontaminated, you have generations of faithful employees assured." . . .

This was merely the first of many talks on the Ullmann Eugenic Plan, as the doctor fondly named it; "the only sound eugenic scheme I know of." George Cryder eventually sent him to Europe, unofficially, to see how many high-grade alien defectives he could get in an operative group. It was not, naturally, a formal decision of the Vulcan Corporation. George Cryder was not a fool. He was simply benevolently neutral toward his friend, and if the doctor were to prove impolitic he could sincerely repudiate him. That was something Dr. Ullmann quite beautifully understood.

Dr. Ullmann had barely reached Europe when the war broke out, but he continued his work with zeal until November, 1915, when he booked his passage on a vessel from Sweden. The boat was held at Kirkwall, and an accident there ruined everything. In his hurry climbing the steep companion-way Dr. Ullmann missed his footing, and fell heavily to the bottom. The doctor was removed ashore, practically unconscious, and put in charge of a local practitioner. This man, an amiable, but rather drunken Irishman waited till it was too late to act. Within forty-eight hours poor Dr. Ullmann died. Meanwhile his papers, kept from the mails during the war on account of their preciousness, had been sent on to London. There, diagnosed as the amusing product of a hopeless mobilization crank, but eventually dismissed as "too boring for words," they were burned by two chatty young attachés in the intervals of a fireside afternoon tea.

F. H.

Poetic Education and Slang

I

IT is necessary in order to freshen our understanding of the poetry in every-day language to overcome a good portion of our education. We have to forget almost all about those formal distinctions between dramatic and epic and lyric poetry, and that long-tail mathematics of acatalectic and hypercatalectic versification, and the difference between iambic pentameter and trochaic trimeter, and the difference between metaphor and metonymy, and synecdoche and schenectady, and all those other class-room differences that were so difficult to remember and so unnecessary. We have to come back to the question of the kinds of pleasure that we have in life, and taste for ourselves the difference between pleasures of achievement, of adjustment, of going toward an end or accommodating the world to our desires, and pleasures of pure experience or realization, of welcoming and loving the flavor of the world for its own sake. These are the two most profoundly contradictory kinds of enjoyment that we have, and they underlie the vast vaguely defined cleavage of all speech and literature into poetry and practical language.*

It is easy to see that poetic language will not thrive very well under conditions of difficulty and pressure and worry. Life compels us to be practical fast enough. And therefore we have to go back to our childhood in order to feel poetry living along our veins in its purest state. We have to remember that excited interest we had in the mere qualities of things. In age we hardly ever go and "feel of" anything, unless to find out how and for what to use it, but as children we felt of things in order to feel. We used to spin about the floor all day on our heels in order to taste the experience of dizziness. And later we used to climb out on the eaves, and jump off the woodshed roof, and "ride the cow horseback," in order to taste the experience of danger. And we used to try painful things, sickening things, disgusting things, because we would not let any flavor of the world escape us. We

* An essay I published in THE NEW REPUBLIC called "Lazy Verse," has led some readers to identify me with that refined class of souls who think that poetry is "*the metrical expression of exalted truth.*" I want to get out of this class. Everything I have ever thought about poetry is opposite to the idea that poetry has to be "exalted," or that it has to be metrical. What I said was that "*in a majority of cases*" the modern free verse is lazy, and it was this *lazy* verse that I discussed. If I failed to make that clear, I offer this essay in expiation. It contains in these opening paragraphs a reiteration of things I have said better elsewhere, but this was necessary in order to lay the ground for my argument.

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wanted all kinds of experience. And we took it in no imaginary form. We were awake and alive on every instant, and recklessly hospitable to every passing flavor of reality or dream.

Is it not strange, then, and pitiable, that with all this wine of realization which is the soul of poetry in us, we should so many of us have learned to regard poetry itself as a peculiarly dead and sad and grown-up and bookish thing? This is because the grown-up people, not seeing that our lives were better than books of poetry, fearing that we might become too enamoured of the reality out of which these books were copied, forced them upon us prematurely as a thing we *ought to* enjoy. They held them over us as a practical discipline, a part of the routine interruption of our poetic enjoyments.

Every healthy young person is, I suppose, antagonized by the dull and heavy quietness of the old-fashioned schoolroom. It seems as though this dread atmosphere of dignity exists, if for any good purpose at all, for the purpose of giving a live child a chance to revolt. For many months in succession I can remember walking to school, consulting with my companions, and having in mind no serious purpose whatever but to devise new systems of mischief, whereby we might bring to the full fruition those experiences of risk and adventure that a public school affords. We were quite dominated by the desire to receive poignant experiences. We were more purely poetic than we have been since.

And yet, by the extreme irony of education, poetry was inflicted upon us as a punishment for these exploits whenever we got caught! We were compelled to sit down on a front bench, after school, and *learn poetry by heart*. And every one who has gone to Sunday School knows what it means to learn imaginative literature by heart when he would rather not. It means that it is not literature, and never will be to him so long as he lives. It is merely a string of words and phrases trained to slide through his mind without creating enough friction to produce thought.

When we were sternly planted there at the end of the day's fun, and compelled to learn the lines of some poet's verse as a punishment for having too much poetry in our own souls, there was established a separation of the poetry of books from that of life which only years of oblivion could overcome. For my part, I never read poetry with real poetic enjoyment until I was seventeen or eighteen years old. And when I did, it came to me as an overwhelming revelation that poetry is reality, poetry is the world. "Poetry," I said, "is life clothed in its own form, prose is life clothed in the forms of words."

All of which biography comes only to this wisdom: if we cannot lead a child into the pages of poetry with the same natural joy he runs into the school-yard at recess, it is a gratuitous injury to lead him there. Let him find them for himself when he will. Perhaps it were better he should never find them than that he should learn to rank them with Sunday and sobriety, and stiff collars, and good manners among the futile but inevitable burdens of a practical or grown-up civilization.

MAX EASTMAN.

CORRESPONDENCE

Not Ex Cathedra

SIR: Mr. Edward J. O'Brien in your issue of November 25th says quite correctly that "when Pius X condemned modernism he was not speaking *ex cathedra*." This is one of the main points which the late Father Tyrrell made when protesting against the *Pascendi* encyclical: it assumed all the powers of an *ex cathedra* utterance without assuming any of its responsibilities. It is quite possible that this encyclical will be repudiated by a future pope, but meanwhile Father Tyrrell and many others have been excommunicated. The Modernists would have been quite content to abide by the judgment of the Church. They were not content to have the dogmas of the Church interpreted according to the limitations of the most reactionary minds believing in them.

MAURICE JOY.

New York City.

Not Sure about Clayton Act

SIR: The probable decision of the courts as to the effect of the Clayton act upon the application of the Sherman law to the activities of organized labor has hitherto been regarded by many reasonably competent lawyers as at least not free from doubt. As one, therefore, who has some present responsibility relating to the enforcement of the anti-trust laws, I noted with great interest the statement in the article headed "Labor Is Not a Commodity," which appears in your issue of December 2nd, to the effect that the courts "inevitably must" decide that the unions are as subject to the anti-trust laws and to the process of injunction as they were before the passage of the Clayton act.

However disappointing to one's sympathies, it would at least be a solution of one's professional doubts to learn that the answer was as simple and as certain as you proclaim. This in itself was sufficient inducement to careful reading of the article. And when one finds the Clayton act characterized not merely as an imperfect piece of legislation but as "a deceitful statute" palmed off on organized labor by "a pusillanimous Congressional committee" one confesses to a bit of astonishment. These are pretty strong words and one assumes that they are not used recklessly. It would seem that one was entitled to expect a supporting demonstration not only convincing but complete.

You analyze the general language of section six in much detail. You quote the first part of section twenty and dispose of it with a certain air of finality in keeping with the certainty of conclusion with which the whole article is marked. You say of the section regarding jury trial in

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certain contempt cases that it is the only section of any value to labor but is a poor thing at best. With certain of the opinions expressed upon these sections there would seem to be room for some disagreement, at least as a matter of that technical legal argument for which you say laymen have no stomach. This, however, is a circumstance of relative unimportance.

For it is not what you say but what you do not say of the Clayton act which gravely troubles me. As I have noticed, you quote from the first part of section twenty certain language as to the cases in which injunctions may be issued. But you neither discuss the remainder of that section nor do you let fall the slightest word by which one unfamiliar with the statute would be apprised of its existence. Yet to some of us that part of section twenty to which you do not allude seems to raise questions of gravity and importance with respect to the problem which you discuss. For that part of this statute to whose framers you impute something very near dishonesty reads as follows:

> "And no restraining order or injunction shall prohibit any person or persons, whether singly or in concert, from terminating any relation of employment, or from ceasing to perform any work or labor, or from recommending, advising or persuading others by peaceful means so to do; or from attending at any place where any such person or persons may lawfully be for the purpose of peaceably persuading any person to work or to abstain from working; or from ceasing to patronize or to employ any party to such dispute; or from recommending, advising or persuading others by peaceful and lawful means so to do; or from paying or giving to or withholding from any person engaged in such dispute, any strike benefits or other moneys or things of value; or from peaceably assembling in a lawful manner and for lawful purposes; or from doing any acts or things which might lawfully be done in the absence of such dispute by any party thereto; nor shall any of the acts specified in this paragraph be considered or held to be violations of any law of the United States."

You say with much force that "it is what he does, not what he is that lands a man in jail." Now apparently this section deals with what men may do and it specifically provides that certain acts shall not be violations of any law of the United States. Certainly the anti-trust laws are laws of the United States. Further, it specifically provides that no federal court shall enjoin the doing of those acts. And, apparently at least, some of the acts which are stated with no qualification as to the purposes with which they may be done or the circumstances attending their doing were not necessarily lawful prior to the passage of the Clayton act. For example, it was not necessarily lawful for a group of men in concert to cease to work and to persuade others by peaceful means to do so. Much might depend upon the purpose of the refusal, the directness of the relation of the interests of the particular group to the quarrel (e.g., whether the strike was sympathetic merely) and upon the circumstances attending the situation. Similar comment might be made as to others of the acts specified as not to be considered violations of any federal law. As to many there was at least doubt before the passage of this statute.

One does not need to believe that all doubt has now been removed to feel that this language at least demands some attention. I am sure that you cannot have intended to ignore it and thereby risk misleading those of your readers who have not the statute before them. May not one ask, then, that you complete your demonstration of the inevitability of the judicial decision which you forecast so confidently and show that these unnoticed phrases do not to some extent mitigate the severity of the judgment which you pronounce against the Clayton act and its framers?

H. LaRue Brown.

Boston, Massachusetts.

Amateur Rules

SIR: "Shall a lawn tennis player who manufactures or sells athletic goods be rated as amateur or professional?" The above question is not so impossible if the facts on which the answer is based are examined. Our amateur rules are copied from the amateur rules of England. In England there is a large leisure class which devotes most of its time to sports. This leisure class is naturally made up of English gentlemen, a class which by tradition and custom cannot use its hands to procure a livelihood. The leisure class in England, naturally, made laws in athletics which corresponded to its class distinction. In America there is no class distinction. Amateur rules which fit the situation in England do not fit the situation in America. "Shall a lawn tennis player who manufactures or sells athletic goods be rated as amateur or professional?" The one answer which is generally given to this question is: commercializing an amateur's reputation tends to make amateur sports crooked. Yet there are no evidences to prove this charge. If one analyzes the reason for this answer he cannot avoid tracing it to the prejudiced conclusion of an English gentleman.

Ouimet's professional rating by the Golf Association has aroused the indignation of all America. If the Lawn Tennis Association feels compelled to follow the example set by the Golf Association, because it does not like the injustice of having an amateur lawn tennis player rated as a professional golfer, the Lawn Tennis Association will also bring upon itself the condemnation of America.

America leads the world in amateur sports, and American sportsmen seem entitled to amateur rules which are based upon American manners and customs.

G. Franklin Brown.

"Stonebridge," Needham.

Mr. Lindsay Crowned

SIR: I observe with pleasure that I have unwittingly brought a smile to the usually serious countenance of "F. H.," your distinguished contributor. He has become so impressed with the "genius" of Vachel Lindsay as to be amused because I thought Mr. Yeats "honored" the then obscure "corn-fed poetic chick"—I borrow F. H.'s happy phrase—in singling him out for high and public praise at the now historic *Poetry* dinner.

F. H. should remember that at that time, nearly three years ago, he had not yet spoken. Those of us who had the pleasure of printing and praising Mr. Lindsay before others were aware of him, may perhaps be pardoned if we felt a bit "nervous" as to the young poet's chances of fame until F. H. came to our rescue by making his somewhat tardy, but no doubt ultimate, award of the laurel.

Mr. Lindsay may now consider himself crowned, and his early admirers may compose their nerves.

Harriet Monroe.

Chicago, Illinois.

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After the Play

NO one who knows musical comedy is raving over "The Century Girl." A demand has been created for it in Manhattan, where amusement seems to have the scarcity value that water has in another place. Men are willing to pay seven dollars or more for a ticket, and the Century Theatre, a big theatre, is sold out every night. But the demand that has been created for "The Century Girl" is one thing, the satisfaction of that demand is another. The show is good, but not good enough. There is nothing about it, certainly, to make anyone wail that he, poor Peri, cannot afford it.

Everyone with eyes in his head, with as much rhythm in his system as a monkey, must enjoy bits of "The Century Girl." In the art that redeems musical comedy, however, it is singularly thin. That art is almost indefinable. It may sometimes be found in the previous condition of musical comedy offerings, in the style of a single vaudeville act. To keep it in the new form, where the expectation of something more than vaudeville is excited yet where no story is sustained or suggested, is more than Messrs. Ziegfeld and Dillingham have been able, or perhaps anxious, to do. But without this special presence "The Century Girl" is pretty generally disappointing. A musical comedy, after all, should do more than fill out old formulæ. It should have something in the dancing and the music and the costumes and the pantomime and the grouping which manages to transport one's imagination. It is idle to say that in a huge house it must be groundling entertainment. One finds exactly what one seeks in parts of its own program, for example the humor of the "little" bit for which Frank Tinney is given time. Frank Tinney makes you believe that it is easy for him to roam on and begin chaffing the orchestra conductor. Easy! Just as easy as it is for Sargent to "dash off" a sketch. Tinney comes into a house that has been starved for any sort of naturalness for an hour or so. In ten seconds, by what Woodrow Wilson would call the "wholesome contagion" of his voice, he surrounds everyone in the Century audience with *bonhomie*. Jokes which everyone knows are creaky except the very weariest of vaudeville hacks and the very laziest of managers—these jokes Frank Tinney turns inside out, to the delight of a long-suffering public. And he does it with an air reminiscent of all unaffected boys, the most engaging air in the world. He has mainly a rollicking familiarity, a touch of nature. He has no such range as the men who have sentiment and pathos such as Lauder and Chevalier. But the personality Tinney effuses, the gift he has for embracing the whole house in the joke he plays with, shows the art which is possible in musical comedy. His, it is true, is the comic art, and dancing and lilting and costume and drama each has a distinct idiom to be mastered by the producer and gotten over the footlights for common appreciation. But the special point about "The Century Girl" is the failure of the producer or his collaborators to get imaginative suggestion rather than flat-footed statement out of the tons of scenery and acres of raiment and gallons of color and yards of smile which the show so heapingly exhibits. The material itself is excellent. The scenery is sometimes superb, the raiment admirable, the girls young and good-looking, the spectacle dazzling. But it is an old story in the concoction of any result that man is not saved by ingredients alone. It takes more than a 100 per cent egg and a 100 per cent nog to make a 100 per cent eggnog. One has only to witness the solemnization of that remarkable drink, or the ritual of the cocktail, to get a respect for process. And it is not by adding more and more, even of expensive ingredients, that the fine, rare flavor is assured. That is one lesson which "The Century Girl" conspicuously has not learned.

The simple-life formula can be overdone in the theatre. The Bard of Avon, we are told, did not use rich devices of lighting, but nothing prevented him except the accident of time. He departed from unities that were as precious to intellectual formalists as the bare stage to the Thoreaus of the property-room. He was no "pinched ascetic," and his simple stage no counsel of pinched asceticism. But for all the virtue in the immense resources that capitalized science has given to the stage, there is such a thing as killing the imagination by congesting it, even such a thing as sinning against the light when it is electric. Everyone with sense observes it with children. No one can be more distracted and bored than the infant who is submerged under a wagon-load of mechanical toys. The producers of "The Century Girl" have behaved like the parents of the hypertrophied infant. They have argued that if one chorus-girl is good, two must be twice as good, and so on progressively. So with costumes. So with items on the program. So with scenery. Such profusion may be amusing, once. But it is a tendency in American musical comedies that has been pushed to a limit. A scene snatched away before it has been enjoyed may dazzle the same kind of person who is impressed by a ten-course dinner, each course a horrible example of the speeding-up process if one at all conceives of dinner as an occasion for nourishment and wants more than a pleasant bowing acquaintance with food. Conspicuous waste must equally impress some impoverished imaginations in the theatre, but the dulness of such cornucopian exhibition is widely experienced and confessed.

The elation provided by Frank Tinney is not the sole genuine amusement in "The Century Girl." Sam Bernard makes a political speech which is extremely funny, and Miss Elsie Janis gives imitations and bits of character-acting as only an artist can. The stuffed-club antics of Harry Kelly seemed to me faintly amusing. They made me laugh, but only from the diaphragm. I suppose the hundred thousand people who have never seen this sort of thing before—the ever oncoming youth to whom the voice of Bernhardt is all-wonderful and not "still rather wonderful"—will laugh from the heart at the Ballet Loose and Kelly's idiotic piroquette. But Tinney and Elsie Janis touch something that is not simply primitive. They wear as gold wears.

The absence of fresh comedy is part of the story told by the fatuous representation of American's colonies, the outpouring of chorus girls as turkeys and so on, even the revolving naval spectacle. There is a yawning deficiency on the side of invention, not to speak of creation. Adhering to the established conventions of musical comedy, that is to say, there is still little happy surprise either in personality or the book. That happy surprise must in the end, I imagine, be the free quest of artists rather than investors in this business. Musical comedy has a surname which its producers should respect. They should turn all its ostentation and pride to something better than a parade of monetary outlay. They should advert to a public that, after all, does revel in Tinney and Lauder and Charlie Chaplin and Bert Williams and Fred Stone. The producers should adapt their lavishness to their inspiration. They should keep from forcing complicated Aeolians on Pan.

F. H.

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The Tragedy of the German Soul

Egotism in German Philosophy, by George Santayana. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

NO one but Mr. Santayana could have written this book. It is an attempt to show that German thought since the time of the Protestant revolt has been consistently egotistic in aim and method. By egotism is meant "subjectivity in thought and wilfulness in morals." Subjectivity in thought teaches that there is no external standard of truth and excellence for ideas; they are objectless and hence not so much true or false as (like all immediate experience) "more or less rich, elaborate or vehement, like a musical composition, and more or less consistent with themselves." Wilfulness in morals means that rebellion against an external world extends to revolt against that funded experience of the race, that corporate wisdom which is embodied in institutions and in the classic literatures which would give chart and compass to life. It is absolute trust in will, in the impulse, the bias of the moment, as that shows itself in conscious desire or intent. German moralists are all "precipitate. They have not taken the trouble to decipher human nature, which is an *endowment,* something many-sided, unconscious, with a margin of variation, and have started instead with the will, which is only an *attitude,* something casual, conscious, and narrowly absolute." They have not learned to respect the conditions under which human nature operates, consequently their morality "terminates in ideals," which are projections of passions, instead of in the arts, by which passions and ideals "are compounded with experience and adapted to materials."

This prevailing temper of German thought was expressed in original Protestantism, which is an assertion of the duty of each individual soul to reinterpret the authority of scripture and the practices of his church in his own spirit, and which thereby prophesies German transcendental philosophy, since this is first a criticism in order to dissolve reputed knowledge, and then a wager or demand, beyond evidence and in contempt of evidence, in obedience to innate impulse. This voice of the untutored ego is then followed in the various articulations which it has since given itself—in Leibnitz, Kant, Goethe (with reservations), Fichte, Hegel, Stirner, Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. In conclusion, wilful subjectivity is identified with "Heathenism," that is, with a kind of animality, noble in its consistency, which repudiates all control or instruction by external compulsion or authority—an immediate love of life for its own present sake, with repudiation of happiness as an unworthy concession to consequences which are ulterior, and as an abdication of the self before external things. To be happy one must be disciplined or "tamed," and this is treason to the principle of vitality, which when made absolute, as the heathen makes it, regards the external world as its own idea and its own present impulse as the categorical imperative. This principle is found to have its finest expression when, instead of repudiating the control of art, it finds an art congenial to its own genius—namely, music. The German genius has noted what usually passes unnoted because it is swallowed up in an interest in objects—namely, the inner comment of emotion which the soul is always passing upon objects. To be thus absorbed in feeling is to dwell in a world apart; the feelings are themselves deepened and intensified when they are not grounded in things external. Music is just the art of a mind to which the world is still foreign. And this is a privilege as well as an incapacity. "Not to be at home in the world, to prize it chiefly for echoes which it may have in the soul, to have a soul which can give forth echoes—may not this be a more enviable endowment than a mind all surface, a sensitive plate only able to photograph this not too beautiful earth?"

I have said that Mr. Santayana alone could have written this book. Yet the picture he has sketched is one which might, perhaps, have been produced by a number of critics, barring its extreme economy—the entire book is less than two hundred pages in extent—and barring a felicity of phrasing which is Mr. Santayana's own. To quote these felicities would be almost to quote the book entire, but one further sample I cannot deny myself, although perhaps only professional philosophers will realize its full happiness. "Inferences about the vast world outside, which Leibnitz had allowed his spirits to make in their solitary confinement, were reduced by the more scrupulous Kant to scribblings upon their prison walls. These scribblings Kant officially termed the ideas of pure—that is, of unsupported reason—but in his private capacity he gently continued to agree with Leibnitz and to believe them true." But that which no one else could have produced is the combination of searching criticism with a pathetic sense of something basically sound and hopeful in reversion from authority and tradition to basic human interests.

For even when Mr. Santayana is pouring forth his vials of scorn upon German subjectivism, one has frequently a feeling that while he came to curse, he is remaining to bless—up to a certain point. It is as if while criticizing the German genius from the standpoint of the Latin spirit, that is, the classic and catholic spirit, his attention was nevertheless intrigued, and a certain envy with difficulty restrained. At all events, he does justice with the sensitiveness of an artist to whatever he finds true in the doctrine which he condemns. Thus speaking of Nietzsche he says, "He felt—this was his strong, sane side, his lien on the future—that life must be accepted as it is or may become, and false beliefs, hollow demands and hypocritical, forced virtues must be abandoned." So of Schopenhauer he says that his great "intuition was precisely the priority of automatism and instinct over the intellect." While Mr. Santayana sees and preaches that happiness comes only from an alliance of vitality with art, he also sees what his own classic forbears did not see and what it has been the mission of German philosophy and reason to teach—that art after all is itself an achievement of instinct, of vitality and animal bias, under the conditions set by the interaction of instincts with nature and fellow-men. Consequently his criticism is never as complete and sweeping as is that of those writers in the classic tradition who retained unimpaired the belief in the descent of reason and art from on high. Even when his attack on romanticism is harshest there is a certain delicacy of sympathy which one misses wholly in such writers as—but why mention names?

Having gone so far, may not one go further? Mr. Santayana passes over for the most part the institutional side of Germany. He mentions the apologetic character of German philosophy which after all—outside of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche—from Luther down has reinstated the entire burden of traditional authority in church and state upon the alleged authority of immediate human ex-

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perience. But his method allows him to attribute only incidental importance to it. Yet may it not be that the feature which he finds so objectionable, the excess of egotism, is connected not at all with recourse to human experience and the all too-human self, but with the fact that, in spite of all the display of criticism and dissolution, human experience is to be forced, from the start, into an apologetic justification of what is already established by the authorities which be? The German genius itself, says Mr. Santayana, "turns everything it touches into a part of its own life, personal, spontaneous, sincere, original. It is young and self-sufficient." Could anything be more torturing to such a genius, and more fatal to honesty of results, than to find itself under the necessity of demonstrating that what is old, imposed, regimentated, drilled, impersonal, coercive is just exactly the kind of thing which original and sincere spontaneity would evolve when left to itself? Mr. Santayana has not noticed the fatal cleft in German thought between inner freedom and outer obedience. Doubtless my own bias leads me to an overemphasis of this spirit as the cause of what is obnoxious in German thought so far as that reflects German life. But if the German genius is what Mr. Santayana says it is, is it not likely that precisely its continued constraint into political paths which are hostile to it is responsible for turning a sincere and wholesome interest in what is primitive, naïve, vital and unforced in experience into a tortured and unhappy egotism? Its very lack of the external conditions which alone would secure its expression in the arts of life has thrown it back upon itself for compensation in an undisciplined riot of theoretical and emotional self-assertion—which has in turn lent added practical power to the things against which that genius is in essential rebellion.

The question thus raised is of more than philosophic import. It involves the future relationships of Germany to other nations. If I am in any way justified in my question, Germany has to achieve democratic government before it can be true to itself, and when it achieves that expression which is native to its genius, it will add a form and a sanction of human happiness in organized social life which the democracy of other peoples has not as yet achieved. But if egotism in thought and will is native, and not the result of conflict between vital impulse and adverse institutional setting, the more admirable Germany becomes within and to itself, the more of a nightmare and menace will it remain to others.

JOHN DEWEY.

France of Yesterday

French Perspectives, by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25.

IT was a happy thought in this year of war, when France is touching the American imagination as a flaming soul in armor, to collect these perspectives of French life as seen in that golden age of the decade just before the war. In Miss Sergeant's sketches there are no Jeanne d'Arcs, and no patriots wonderfully engaged in forgetting the predatory imperialism of their Delcassés and their dreams of *revanche* in the picture of a surprised and innocent nation wantonly overrun by *les Boches*. Only at the end, in a dramatic little sketch called "Signs of the Times," are the clouds seen to be gathering, and those mild and humanitarian years of Jammes and Anatole France to be losing their sway over *la jeunesse* even in the family of a radical professor. But the other types and millions breathe nothing but the immemorial excellence of that peaceful bourgeoisie which is perhaps the only appealing bourgeoisie in the world.

The French are wonderful, but they are in nothing so wonderful as in their ability to make the pedestrian virtues, and even puritanism, alluring to the most soured post-Victorians among us. The French life that comes from these charming pages is full of that inimitable conscientiousness, that dutifulness to one's work, that meticulous taste for perfection, which in other Puritan societies somehow get deadened into a clumsy renunciation of life. The French, however, seem to have learned to transmute it all into control. Even the French economy—at least the bourgeoise economy—manages to treat every aspect of life as a sort of skilful housekeeping and squeezes out of its thinking or love-making or family life or even its drudgery the last significance, just as it gets the last ounce of nourishment out of its soup. Miss Sergeant's excellent housewives and old gentlemen and curés and philosophers—even her excellent poets—have all this concentration which comes from conscientiousness and frugality, and eventuates not in baseness and harshness, but in a richer adjustment. These sketches make one feel anew, what so many wistful Americans have so often felt, how wasteful we are of our experience, how much better these Frenchmen know how to live.

I like to think that it is because Miss Sergeant is a very modern New Englander that she understands this conscientious France so well. For modern Massachusetts is just the place where puritanism is far less vigorous and repellent than anywhere else in America, and a leavened and softened puritanism of the New World would be just the quality to

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AUTHOR OF

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meet the adorned and humanized puritanism of the Old. For that Miss Sergeant's understanding of these people whom she has known and lived with is very deep and sincere there can be no question. She has done the rare thing of writing without either patronage or sentimentality about foreign people whom she loves. We are used to perspectives of France from Americans who have seen her light and merry ways, or have been thrilled by her heroic sacrifice. But no one else has conveyed to us so thoughtfully the qualities of the ordinary, serious, indigenous acquaintances whom the thinking American meets to-day—or met yesterday—in France. The publisher's obtuseness advertises the book as one that will help the reader to understand the war. Miss Sergeant, it is true, has set the note in her admirable preface of a laborious France on trial to its uttermost. But the reader who expects the glamor of "gloire" will find this truer insight perhaps unfamiliar.

For Miss Sergeant's art is so simple as to be almost deceptive. The sketches do not labor to drive home a point, or to emphasize a type. They do not argue and they do not scintillate. Yet they are never tenuous. They convey background and reference, are almost always charming and are almost always significant. I should perhaps question the wisdom of beginning with the rather queer sanitarium; and the Merciers, sprung from a timid anonymity in the pages of THE NEW REPUBLIC into the veritable place of Epilogue, do not quite round off for one, as the "Modern Coenobium" does, the French quality of the other sketches. For that delectable salon in the old Abbaye has in it all that is best of the French high seriousness.

But whether Miss Sergeant is with the old bookseller Achille and his wife in their garret, or in the garden of discussion at the Desjardins, at lunch with the Provençal curé, or gossiping with the bourgeoise artist, she is giving us an artistic perspective of things as they really are. She always avoids the bothersome attitude of the sketcher, the, "See, it is through my mind that all these pictures are filtering." It is a delicate art to have effaced herself thus from the telling, while leaving the sense of intimacy and absorption. This impersonal personality is all the more distinctive because it is so unconscious. It is by the tender wisdom of her sympathy that she floats over to us these charming and unforgettable types and backgrounds of yesterday's France.

R. B.

The Adventure of Industry

Trial by Fire, by Richard Matthews Hallet. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.25.

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Sir Roger de Coverley

The Coverley Christmas Giving

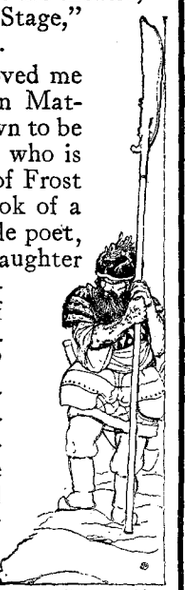
My friend Sir Roger has commissioned me to select gifts for the various friends whom he wishes to remember.

It is a task that I do not covet, but it has been made slightly less difficult by his decision to give only books. In fact, I am far less anxious regarding the whole matter since I have learned of a book to send the widow, whose name he has carven on the bark of several trees in the estate. As her name headed the list with which he supplied me, I knew how great importance he attached to her gift and I have therefore selected for her one of the most beautiful volumes I have ever had the good fortune to hold in my hand—a Life of Pontormo, who is ranked with Michelangelo and Leonardo. The illustrations are a marvel and very numerous, which should certainly endear the volume to the lady.

The chaplain's name stood next upon the list and for him I have purchased two books: "A Voice from the Crowd," by George Wharton Pepper, which will tell him much that it will be useful for him to know, in a way which he will enjoy; and "Society and Prisons," by Thomas Mott Osborne, the best book on a subject in which he is much interested.

For Will Honeycomb, who is ever at the theatre, I chose "Pepys on the Restoration Stage," which should divert him pleasantly.

The present interest in poetry moved me to purchase three volumes for John Matthews' daughters, who have now grown to be extremely gracious. For the oldest, who is a great admirer of the recent work of Frost and Masters, I selected the new book of a less known but to my mind more able poet, Frederick E. Pierce. The second daughter is to receive a book combining originality of thought with originality of expression, "The Testament of William Windune, and Other Poems." And for the youngest, who is endowed with a great spirit of adventure, I have selected a poem of ancient Tartary and Cathay, "The Great White Wall." It is illustrated with delightful warriors and fair ladies.



"The Great White Wall" is illustrated with delightful warriors and fair ladies.

There still remain several on Sir Roger's list for whom I must choose, but thus far his account stands:

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Windune Testament	Wallis	1.00
Great White Wall	Benét	1.00
		$16.35

Or, reckoned in pounds, it reads £3, 7s, 5d

As the publishers tell me it is their custom at Christmas to wrap the books in tissue and mail them free of charge, I do not see how I could have spared him greater pains or expense.

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The main working-plan of the book, the narration of a Great Lake journey as seen for us through the vision of the expert fireman Cagey and the inexpert deck-hand Slim, is so freshly conceived and excellent that one feels perhaps an undue weariness whenever the style of this design is mussed and broken by the implantation of a foolish and conventional plot, requiring the presence of many of the well known lay-figures of American fiction.

Among these are our familiar heavy-jowled millionaire, a man uneducated but full of millionaireish philosophies, who says, "I found society ready to my hand, so I employed it; but I would have done just as well in a state of anarchy—or barbarism"; and a whimsical Irishman who seems to be at hand to enact any convenient impossibility—convenient that is to say for the author's purpose with his plot. This Irishman is like those well dressed, strikingly meretricious persons called "American" or "French" whom Miss Cholmondeley sometimes hastily introduces into her fascinating English novels for performing whatever function is most out of drawing with human nature. It would be an interesting subject of inquiry—though not to be further pursued here—the literary conception that the foreign-born are by nature as it were, unnatural; and can be made to do anything in a novel.

Besides the artificiality of these and other lay-figures in "Trial by Fire" there is the occasional artificiality of Cagey and of Slim. It is especially striking in the midst of the Pinafore-like close, when nearly all on board the ore-boat are found to be of one family; and when Cagey's rapid bestowal of all the heritage of his father's favor upon Slim is far too much like the change indicated in the famous stage-directions for the miser—"leans against wall and grows generous."

This would not matter, if Cagey were all of the stuff in letters of which Bartholomew Grant and the whimsical Irishman and most of the admired fiction of our land is made. But he is in the main of different and much more genuine material—a striking and original figure in fiction, encompassed by a unique fortune.

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of the favorite American method of illuminating denouement. A thousand incompetent authors have employed this old-fashioned method of rambling narrative, only to reveal their hopeless mediocrity. But Hudson conquers by it—nor is it a case of stooping to conquer. The older method of approach is for him still the vigorous and upstanding method. Running through the stories, like the reverberations of a screw in a steamer, are reminiscences and hints of mighty traditions of Poe's settings, of Fielding's dry discursiveness, of Hardy's power to summon and vivify the country crétin, of Defoe's depiction of the preposterous in terms of naïve realism. And all these influences are reflected very delicately and subtly in the texture of Hudson's narrative; there is no conscious imitation. Yet the specific and memorable quality of these stories does not lie in their being clever collections of the sticks of tradition, polished dry and bright by the skill of authors long since dead. Their real quality is something plastic and individual—and something extremely difficult to define. "El Ombú," most typical and best of the five, relates the tragedy of a family who have lived near the shadow of the ombú tree, which, native superstitions say, brings sorrow and death to all men who unhappily fall under its curse. There is a quiet acceptance of the basic truth of this superstition in Hudson's story which gives the story an alien, almost archaic flavor. There is a tang in it of restrained and ordered irrationality, a kind, calm, reasonable madness comparable only to the peculiar tone of some of Poe's more fantastic stories. Yet there is no extravagance of language; the descriptions seem almost gaunt in their directness and terseness beside many of the fine colored passages in Hudson's other books. The story begins slowly and quietly. There are no central dramatic and pivotal situations. The tragedy grows by degrees, like the shadows of night on the pampas. In spite of its seeming leisureliness there is the artistic economy of means which demands every word for the story. The characters are unforgettable. Setting, personages, the aura that envelopes them all justify Hudson's method. He evolves that peculiar mood of unified impression, the power to summon, which constitutes the final criterion of artistic greatness. But the particular means by which Hudson evokes the mood stubbornly escapes definition.

Bonnie May, by Louis Dodge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.30.

FOR the first few pages of this story, the reader unfamiliar with the stage child wonders if "Bonnie May" can possibly be a truthful presentation of a singular phenomenon. Later inaccuracies in observing and rendering daily life arouse distrust of the author's ability to portray the subtle fascination of a child's nature; and finally the complete unreality of plot and characters can no longer be ignored. Young Barron, son of a poor, aristocratic family, whose rich friends have "revised their visiting-lists" to exclude them, finds Bonnie May in a theatre, deserted by the chorus girl who took her to the play. The child's reception by Barron's family, in their gloomy mansion; her precocious talk; the capitulation à la Lord Fauntleroy of all the arrogant, haughty persons (especially one who was thought to have revised her visiting-list), mainly occupy the book. There is a love affair—and a climax when the child's father is found to have been on hand from the beginning—as well as Bonnie May's triumphant appearance upon the stage at the age of about ten when Barron perceives that she is "carrying her audience with her with the ease and certainty of an artist." One excerpt

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will serve to indicate how the author has written of a child as he imagines children to be rather than as any of them is. Concerning "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" Bonnie May explains that it is about: "'A lady who died because they were unkind to her—even the people who loved her. It's about a lot of snobs and a—a human being.' She spoke with feeling. She sensed the fact that again she was being required to stand alone. . . . 'I can't understand why you speak as if there was something wrong about it. I think it's great. You can cry like anything when you see it—because it seems as if what happens couldn't have been helped. It isn't one of those things that's been screwed around to make everybody feel as if they'd been eating caramels!'" This from a child of ten.

Reginald Birch's charming drawings brighten the pages.

Love and Lucy, by Maurice Hewlett. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.35.

"THIS is a romantic tale," writes Mr. Hewlett in the first sentence of his first chapter, and undoubtedly he had great fun with "Love and Lucy," for upon a skilled writer the effect of choosing a conventional theme is often a kind of release. The hue becomes light and facile; energy is set free to play with surfaces. Mr. Hewlett falls back on an old-fashioned triangle. His couple are of the English upper middle class, the husband a monocled solicitor, successful, kind and cold, and the wife, Lucy, a vivacious woman of thirty-odd compelled to pour out her thwarted affections on their precociously clever son, Lancelot. The intruder is a rich adventurer with a high-powered motor car, stories of his pirate days for Lancelot, the capacity for thoroughly un-English passion, and an unscrupulous ambition for Lucy. Eventually, of course, the intruder succeeds only in awakening romance between husband and wife. Mr. Hewlett shrewdly guesses that his readers' satisfaction in the final clasping of hero and heroine is enhanced by the difficulties he puts before them, and he makes the difficulties severe. Once Lucy seems nearly lost. On this sturdily conventional framework Mr. Hewlett has twined many decorative graces. The book is staccato; it is the frothiest kind of light fiction. But it is "done" with consummate skill by a professional author, and as a professional author Mr. Hewlett has his indisputable claims.

Enoch Crane, by F. Hopkinson Smith and F. Berkeley Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35.

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